

Then why not finish this movement through with the aid of the Teacher's Institute, Farmers Union, County superintendent and some other county officers we can establish a definite local organization. Nothing has been said about our County superintendent in the movement, possibly because we are accustomed to see him lead all movements in any way connected with education and upbuilding of the young people.

DEMOCRAT.

MAYTOWN

M. W. Pieratt is at Owngville this week on business.

Roy Rowland and Bruce Nickell, left Monday for Ill.

Isaac Rowland, of Dehart, was in our midst last week transacting business.

Sam May, of White Oak, bought C. W. Clark's farm, price 1200.00, and will move to it soon.

Mrs. Lizzie Murphy, wife of Sailor Murphy, died at her home Feb 29th, she left a husband and eight children and many friends to mourn their loss.

M. W. Pieratt sold a fine cow to Rennie Pieratt, price \$30.

Gordon Cottle, of Forest, and Clarence May, of White Oak, were here Wednesday and Thursday on business.

Renny Perry sold a fine mare to J. M. Rowland, price \$90.

UNCLE DICK.

SALEM

Born to Mr. and Mrs. D. Cox a girl, last week.

Mrs. C. G. Wilson's two young sons visited their grandparents, last week. Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Rasnic.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Gose have renewed their old covenant, by being again joined in the holy bonds of wedlock.

Martha Rasnic, who has been telling at Clear Fork, made her return yesterday. Reported a very pleasant and successful months work. The pie supper was very nice. Every body enjoyed it.

Pig-head.

DINGUS.

Miss Nettie Patrick, who is a student of the Crockett school, Sunday at home.

Mrs. Sarah A. Prince is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Nora Wheeler.

Miss Ada Fannin visited her parents at Crockett last week.

Wilson Wilder and family are breathing pure air in the far west.

Born to the wife of J. D. Cox, a boy. Also to the wife of Tom Hamilton, the 26th ult., a girl.

Some of the stockholders of the Independent Telephone Co., met with other parties last Saturday at the mouth of Williams Creek, and agreed to use their combined efforts to push the lines to West Liberty.

Kenas Gullet is moving to Gray Fox. He has the contract to carry the mail from there to Bloomington, beginning July the first.

Messdames Sarah and Mary Smith, of Jeptha, visited here from Saturday until Monday.

LEXINGTON AND EASTERN.
Effective, January 1, 1911
WEST POINT LINE.

	No. 1 Daily	No. 3 Daily
Ly Quicksand.....	1.25 P.M.	1.50
Jackson.....	5.05 A.M.	1.50
O & Jinet'ln.....	5.10	1.57
Athol.....	5.75	2.22
Beattyville June 6/03		2.51
Torrent.....	6.25	3.12
Campbell Junc 6/03		3.50
Clay City.....	7.10	4.05
L. & E. Junctn.....	7.51	4.37
Winchester.....	8.05	4.50
Ar Lexington.....	8.50	5.00

	No. 2 Daily	No. 4 Daily
Ly Lexington.....	1.35 P.M.	2.00 A.M.
Wheeler.....	2.17	8.05
L. & E. Junction.....	2.35	8.18
Clay City.....	3.05	8.50
Campbell Junction.....	3.47	9.27
Torrent.....	4.01	9.41
Beattyville Junc.....	4.5	10.01
Athol.....	4.52	10.20
O. & K. Junction.....	5.10	10.57
Jackson.....	5.25	11.15
Ar Quicksand.....		11.25

The following connections are made daily except Sunday.

Train No. 1 will make connection with the L. & N. at Lexington for Louisville, Ky. No. 3 will make connection with the L. & N. at Winchester for Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Trains No. 1, 2 and 3 will make connection with L. & N. Railway for Beattyville.

Trains No. 3 & 4 connect at O. & K. Ry.

SLAB.

or 1 o'clock, P. M., or thereabouts, offer for sale on a credit of three months, to the highest and best bidder, the following described property, to wit:

1 mowing machine, 1 harrow, 1 turning plow, 1 shovel plow, 1 spring wagon, 1 grind stone, and 1 two horse wagon.

I will reserve the right to reject any and all bids. Purchasers will be required to execute sale bonds with approved personal security, for all property bought by them.

Given under my hand, as Administrator of the estate of Robert Patterson, deceased, this 14 day of February, 1912.

J. C. STAMPER,
ADMINISTRATOR.

O. F. HENRY,
WEST LIBERTY, KENTUCKY,
REPRESENTING
HUTCHINSON STEVENSON HAT
COMPANY,
Wholesale Hatters,
Charleston, : : : West Va.

YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED.

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SLAB.

All New and Fresh! My Prices are the Lowest. The Quality Best.
Soft Drinks

D. R. Keeton

Main Street

MORGAN COUNTY NATIONAL
BANK

OF CANNEL CITY, KENTUCKY.

Capital, \$25,000

Surplus, (Earned) 20,000

Average Deposits, 100,000

Authorized U.S. Depository.

YOUR ACCOUNT CORDIALLY SOLICITED.

M. L. CONLEY, President. JOE C. STAMPER, Vice-Pres.

CUSTER JONES, Cashier.

WINCHESTER BANK,

WINCHESTER KY

Capital and Surplus \$300,000
Deposits over Half Million
Solicits Your Accounts
Correspondence Invited

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.

W. R. SPAR, Cashier.

Wanted,

We are still short the following numbers of the COURIER: 6, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 22 and 24. Any one who will send or bring us these numbers will be suitably rewarded.

Subscribe for the Courier, boys.

LAUNDRY.

Laundry called for and delivered promptly and careful service rendered. Give me your laundry. I have the agency formerly held by Mrs. H. C. Rose.

Adah Caraway.

Dr. B. F. Thompson
Eyes Examined, Glasses Scientifically Prescribed and Furnished.
Full Announcement Later.

For Artistic Job Printing
Anything made with Type on Paper

The Courier, of course

You Can
Lead a Horse

to water but you can make him drink.

You can't make him eat either. You can stuff food into a thin man's stomach but that doesn't make him use it.

Scott's Emulsion can make him use it. How? By making him hungry, of course. Scott's Emulsion makes a thin body hungry all over. Thought a thin body was naturally hungry didn't you? Well it isn't. A thin body is asleep—not working—gone on a strike. It doesn't try to use its food.

Scott's Emulsion wakes it up—puts it to work again, making new flesh. That's the way to get fat.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N.Y.
for Colds, Coughs, Whooping Cough.

Chamberlain's Tough Remedy

Cures Colds, Coughs, Whooping Cough.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID
FOR RAW FURS AND HIDES
We on Commission. Write for price-list and advertising rates.

Established 1837

JOHN WHITE & CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.



We are doing the finest job printing.

arm, the deadly, clapped the healing lotion upon her. A greatly relieved the pain in wounded member. The bed was but comfortable, much more so the sleeping bags to which she had been accustomed.

Few women had gone through such experiences, mental and physical, as had befallen her within the last few hours and lived to tell the story. Had it not been for the exhaustive straits of body and spirit to which she had been subjected, her mental faculties would have been on the alert and the strangeness of her unique position would have made her so nervous that she could not have slept.

For the time being, however, the physical demands upon her entity were paramount; she was dry, she was warm, she was fed, she was free from anxiety and she was absolutely unutterably weary. Her thoughts were vague, incoherent, unconcentrated. The fire wavered before her eyes, she closed them in a few moments and did not open them.

Without a thought, without a care, she fell asleep. Her repose was complete, not a dream even disturbed the profound slumber into which she sank. Pretty picture she made; her head thrown backwaard, her golden hair roughly dried and quickly plaited in long braids, one of which fell along the pillow while the other curled lovingly around her neck. Her face in the natural light would have looked pale from what she had gone through, but the fire cast red glows upon it; the fitful light flickered across her countenance and sometimes deep shadows unrelieved accentuated the paleness born of her sufferings.

There is no light that plays so many tricks with the imagination, or that so stimulates the fancy as the light of an open fire. In its sudden outbursts it sometimes seems to add life touches to the sleeping and the dead. Had there been any eye to see this girl, she would have made a delightful picture in the warm glow from the stone hearth. There were no eyes to look, however, save those which belonged to the man on the other side of the door.

On the hither side of that door in the room where the fire burned on the hearth, there was rest in the heart of the occupant; on the farther side where the fire only burned in the heart, there was tumult. Not outward and visible, but inward and spiritual, and yet there was no lack of apparent manifestation of the tumult in the man's soul.

Albeit the room was smaller than the other, it was still of a good size. He walked nervously up and down from one end to the other as ceaselessly as a wild animal impatient of captivity stalks the narrow limits of his contracted cage. The oven tenor of his life had suddenly been diverted. The ordinary sequence of his days had been abruptly changed. The privacy of five years which he had hoped and dreamed might exist as long as he, had been rudely broken in upon. Humanity, which he had avoided, from which he had fled, which he had cast away forever, had found him.

He had loved once before in his life with the fire of youth and spring, but it was not like this. He did not recognize this new passion in any light from the past; therefore he would not admit it. Hence, he did not understand it. But he saw and admitted

feeling almost womanly; and more men, perhaps, if they lived in feminine isolation, as self-centered as women are so often by necessity, would be as feminine as their sisters— influenced him, overcame him. His hand went to his hunting shirt. Nerv-



He Stared From One to the Other.

ously he tore it open; he grasped a bright object that hung against his breast. As he did so, the thought came to him that not before in five years had he been for a moment unconscious of the pressure of that locket over his heart, but now that this other had come, he had to seek for it to find it.

The man dragged it out, held it in his hand and opened it. He held it so tightly that it almost gave beneath the strong grasp of his strong hand. From a nearby box he drew another object with his other hand. He took the two to the light, the soft light of the candle upon the table, and stared from one to the other with eyes brimming.

Like crystal gazers, he saw other things than those presented to the casual vision. He heard other sounds than the beat of the rain upon the roof, the roar of the wind down the canon. A voice that he had sworn he would never forget, but which, God forgive him, had not now the clearness that it might have had yesterday, whispered awful words to him.

Again he looked into another face, red, too, with no hue from the hearth or leaping flame, but red with the blood of ghastly wounds. He heard again that report, the roar louder and more terrible than any peal of thunder that rived the clouds above his head and made the mountains quake and tremble. He was conscious again of the awful stillness of death that surrounded. He dropped on his knees, buried his face in his hands where they rested on picture and locket on the rude table.

Ah, the past died hard, for a moment he was the lover of old—remorse, passionate exaltation, solitude—he and the dead together—the world and the living forgot! He would not be false, he would be true, there was no power in any feeble woman's tender

realized where he had happened. When she arose at once,

"Yes," was the quick reply. The man opened the door, left it ajar and entered the room.

"Have you been awake long?" he began abruptly.

"Not very."

"I didn't disturb you, because you needed sleep more than anything else. How do you feel?"

"Greatly refreshed, thank you."

"And hungry, I suppose?"

"Very."

"I will soon remedy that. Your foot?"

"It seems much better, but I—"

The girl hesitated, blushing. "I can't get my shoe on, and—"

"Shall I have another look at it?"

"No, I don't believe it will be necessary. If I may have some of that liniment, or whatever it was you put on it, and more of that bandage, I think I can attend to it myself, but, you see, my stockings and my boot—"

The man nodded; he seemed to understand. He went to his cracker box chiffonier and drew from it a long, coarse woolen stocking.

"That is the best that I can do for you," he said.

"And that will do very nicely," said the girl. "It will cover the bandage, and that is the main thing."

The man laid on the table by the side of the stocking another strip of bandage torn from the same sheet. As he did so, he noticed the picture. He caught it up quickly, a dark flush spreading over his face, and holding it in his hand, he turned abruptly away.

"I will go and cook you some breakfast while you get yourself ready. If you have not washed, you'll find a bucket of water and a basin and towel outside the door."

He went through the inner door as suddenly as he had come through the outer one. He was a man of few words, and whatever social grace he might once have possessed, and in more favorable circumstances exhibited, was noticeable now. The tenderness with which he had dressed her the night before had also vanished.

His bearing had been cool, almost harsh and forbidding, and his manner was as grim as his appearance. The conversation had been a brief one, and his opportunity for inspection of her consequently limited. Yet she had taken him in. He was a tall, splendid man. No longer young, perhaps, but in the prime of life and vigor. His complexion was dark and burned brown by long exposure to sun and wind, winter and summer. In spite of the brown, there was a certain color, a hue of health in his cheeks. His eyes were hazel, sometimes brown, sometimes gray, and sometimes blue, she afterward learned. A short thick closely cut beard and mustache covered the lower part of his face disguised but not hiding the squareness of his jaw and the firmness of his lips.

Into the walls on the other side were driven wooden pegs; from some of them hung a pair of snow shoes, a heavy Winchester rifle, fishing tackle and other necessary wilderness paraphernalia. On the puncheon floor wolf and bear skins were spread. In one corner against the wall again were piled several splendid pairs of horns from the mountain sheep.

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J. M. Williams has moved to Floress. The trouble between Mr. Williams and his wife has been adjusted and they are now living together.

T. C. and Abraham Fraley and E. L. Cantrell, were the guests of U. S. Fraley Saturday night.

Elder W. L. Gevedon, of Grassy Creek, spent Sunday night with the writer. He has been absent from home for a month, the greater part of the time in Lawrence Co., preaching the gospel. We need more earnest workers like brother Gevedon, who are willing to sacrifice both time and money for the salvation of souls.

A telephone line is soon to be built from H. H. Holbrooks to Logville, via Silver Hill. This line connects with the line recently built here, and communication with Paintsville and other places can be had by reason of these connections.

SLAB

PANAMA

I told you in last issue I would give you Uncle David's letter. Uncle David is an advocate of Roosevelt and reform spelling. He writes as follows: "Dear sir the thanx of the congry gashun is doe sem buddy fo that idee of a Krismee glft to the wild. It dont soudd like the additur for menny a time I have saw him with by Jokkito pakkits stuffed with three for a 5c seigar and he never as much as sed do yo smoke. But hoover that of the plan was really brite I have lookt up the wild in the dikshunny and it means imtemed in a state of nachur and also it hits me on awe three cownts in the first plaise I never was razed a pet and Ill kik yit if U kuurry me beloe the nee, 2nd by: when my prezzunt pare of aver-awls leve me which will be soon. Your uncle will trovly he he in a straitof naelur and he is owt as chuin tabokko I hope my my deer reeders will Kontribut librel and I would like to know when the monny is to be destroy boated. Saran (who is my wife)

sais I wont he into it She think it bup big dinners and Krismus trees fore the gain of birds and knowdroopeds which woad be fullish as will explane.

Your Unkel David.

Continued in next issiu

\$ 100 Per Plate

was paid at a banquet to Henry Clay, in New Orleans in 1842. Mighty costly for those with stomach trouble or ingestion. To day people every where use Dr King's New Life Pills for these troubles as well as liver, kidney and bowel disorders. Easy safe, sure. Only 25 cents at all druggists.

Wise world.

The world likes a good loser, particularly if it gets some of his money —Lippincott's.

Southern National Life Insurance Co., Of Louisville, Kentucky.

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The world likes a good loser, particularly if it gets some of his money —Lippincott's.

THE BIG STORE

C. W. WOMACK

Everything for Everybody.

The Home of Low Prices.

Watch this Space for our advertisements. They

will be a History of Bargains.

Call and see how we can save you money on all purchases.

Monday, February 12, 1912.

(that being the first day of a County Court) at the front door of the Court House in West Liberty, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock P. M., offer for sale at public outcry, the following property, to satisfy the taxes for the amounts and year below named:

Non-residents of Morgan county.

Under whose name Property Listed.	Tax for Year	Kind of Property	Valuation.	Total Tax, Penalty, Interest and Costs.
Ben F Brown	1911	Land	\$ 250 00	\$ 4 71
John M Cheney	1911	land	500 00	7 92
Geo H Barber	1911	land	600 00	9 20
Willie Day	1911	land	600 00	9 20
John H Fannin	1811	lot-W Liberty	170 00	3 68
Nancy A Fannin	1911	land	125 00	3 11
Gilson Holiday	1911	land	150 00	3 44
W G Jones	do	land	300 00	5 36
H C Keeton	do	land	750 00	11 13
Arzelda Kilgore	do	lot Caney	20 00	1 76
F M Lykins	do	land	700 00	10 45
R M Lykins	do	land	100 00	2 79
W F Lykins	do	land	200 00	4 09
John Miller	do	lot Caney	500 00	6 85
McMath & Kelly	do	land	500 00	7 86
J C Murphy	do	land	300 00	5 34
J E Murphy	do	land	500 00	7 86
J M Mathews	do	land	5,000 00	65 70
Elizabeth Patton	do	land	300 00	5 36
Preston Montg&bro	do	land	8,500 00	111 15
J A Shuttleworth	do	land	4,000 00	53 14
Cas Short	do	land	150 00	3 44
W H Thomas	do	land	250 00	
Henry C Thomson & Co	do	land	500 00	
Union Coal Co	do	land	1,000 00	7 96
I N Vaughn	do	land	500 00	15 65
F P Wilson	do	land	1,000 00	10 55
R Ney Williams	do	land	700 00	7 96
Oliver Whitt	do	land	500 00	4 73
Sarah N Patterson	do	land	250 00	20 48
Elizabeth Mullins	do	land	1,500 00	

Residents of Morgan county

Peter Crase	1910	land, poll	300 00	6 27
Peter Crase	1911	land, poll	700 00	10 58
Dave Allen	1911	land	50 00	4 30
J L Allen	1911	land, poll	285 00	7 31
Mart Smith	1911	lot Caney	25 00	6 32
Lan Howard	1910	land	200 00	4 90
A F Brown	1911	land, poll	448 00	5 85
S V Helton	1911	land	400 00	6 21

H. B. BROWN,
Sheriff Morgan County.

FURS AND HIDES

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID
FOR RAW FURS AND HIDES

Wool on Commission. Write for price-list mentioning this ad.

Established 1887

JOHN WHITE & CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

We are doing the finest job printing

YOU WANT JOB? a Better JOB?

That question will be asked you almost daily by business men seeking your services, if you qualify—take the Draughon Training—and show ambition to rise.

More BANKERS indorse DRAUGHON'S Colleges than indorse all other business colleges COMBINED. 48 Colleges in 18 States. International reputation.

Banking, Typewriting, Penmanship, English, Spelling, Arithmetic, Letter Writing, Business

an FREE AUXILIARY BRANCHES. Good POSITIONS GUARANTEED under reasonable conditions.

Bookkeeping. Bookkeepers all over Home Study. Thousands of bank cashiers, bookkeepers, and stenographers are holding good positions as the result of taking Draughon's Home Study.

CATALOGUE. For prices on lessons BY MAIL, write Jno. F. DRAUGHON, President, Nashville, Tenn. For free catalogues on course AT COLLEGE, write

DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

Nashville or Memphis or Knoxville, Tenn., or Paducah, Ky., or Evansville, Ind.

ree, unspoiled you. When I do was full of zest for her, and she enjoyed it with the most un-Pennsylvania enthusiasm.

The second summer after her coming out found her in Colorado. Robert Maitland was one of the big men of the west. He had departed from Philadelphia at an early age and had settled in Colorado while it was still in the formative period. There he had grown up with the state. The Philadelphia Maitlands could never understand it, or explain it. Bob Maitland must have been, they argued, a reversion to an ancient type, a throwback to some robber baron long antecedent to William Penn. And the speculation was true. The blood of some lawless adventurer of the past, discreetly forgotten by the conservative section of the family, bubbled in his veins unchecked by the repressive atmosphere of his home and immediate environment.

He had thoroughly identified himself with his new surroundings and had plunged into all the activities of the west. During one period of his life he had actually served as sheriff of one of the border counties, and it was a rapid "bad man" indeed, who enjoyed any advantage over him when it came to drawing his gun. His skill and daring had been unquestioned, he had made a name for himself which still abides, especially in the mountains where things yet remained almost as primitive as they had been from the beginning.

His fame had been accompanied by fortune, too; the cattle upon a thousand hills were his, the treasures of mines of fabulous richness were at his command. He lived in luxury in one of the greatest of the bonanza palaces on the hills of that city, confronting the snow-capped mountain range. For the rest he held stock in all sorts of corporations, was a director in numerous concerns and so on—the reader can supply the usual catalogue, they are all alike. He had married late in life and was the father of two little girls and a boy, the oldest sixteen and the youngest ten.

Going east, which he did not love, on an infrequent business trip, he had renewed his acquaintance with his brother and the old ewe lamb of his brother's flock, to-wit, the aforementioned Enid. He had been struck, as everybody was, by the splendid personality of the girl and had striven earnestly to disabuse her mind of the prevalent idea that there was nothing much worth while on the continent.

"I'm talking about people now. There are just as fine men and women in the west as in New York or Philadelphia."

"I am sure you don't mean to be offensive, Robert, but really the association can contribute to comfort and luxury that isn't in it, I don't know what it is. Shall it be the house in Denver, or the ranch, or a real camp in the wilds, Enid?"

"First the house in Denver," said Enid, "and then the ranch and then the mountains."

"Right-O; that shall be the program."

"Will my daughter's life be perfectly safe from the cowboys, Indians and desperadoes?"

"Quite safe," answered Robert, with deep gravity. "The cowboys no longer shoot up the city and it has been years since the Indians have held up even a trolley car. The only real desperado in my acquaintance is the mildest gentle old stage driver in the west."

"Do you keep up an acquaintance with men of that class still?" asked his brother in great surprise.

"You know I was sheriff in a border county for a number of years and—"

"But you must surely have withdrawn from all such society now."

"Out west," said Robert Maitland, "when we know a man and like him, when we have slept by him on the plains, ridden with him through the mountains, fought with him against some border terror, some bad man threatening to kill, we don't forget him, we don't cut his acquaintance, and it doesn't make any difference whether the one or the other of us is rich or poor. I have friends who can't frame a grammatical sentence, who habitually eat with their knives, yet who are absolutely devoted to me and I to them. The man is the thing out there." He smiled, and turned to Enid. "Always excepting the supremacy of woman," he added.

"How fascinating," exclaimed the girl. "I want to go there right away."

And this was the train of events which wrought the change. Behold the young lady astride of a horse for the first time in her life 't a divided skirt, a fashion prevalent elsewhere not having been accepted by the best equestriennes of Philadelphia. She was riding ahead of a lumbering mountain wagon surrounded by other riders, which was loaded with baggage, drawn by four sturdy broncos and followed by a number of obstinate little burros at present unincumbered with packs which would be used when they got further from civilization and the way was no longer practicable for anything on wheels.

Miss Enid Maitland was clad in a way that would have caused her father a stroke of apoplexy if he could have been suddenly made aware of her dress, if she had burst into the drawing-room without announcement, for instance. Her skirt was distinctly short, she wore heavy hob-nailed shoes that laced up to her knees, she had on a bright blue sweater, a kind of a cap known as a tam-o'-shanter was pinned above her glorious hair, which was closely braided and wound around her head. She wore a silk handkerchief loosely tied around her neck, a knife and revolver hung at her belt, a little watch was strapped to one wrist, a handsomely braided quirt dangled from the other, a pair

of leather chaps covered her legs, and she had her man way prompt, he had her but half way won. He had snatched the ultimate day from his business demand to ride with her on the first stage of her journey to the mountains.

CHAPTER II.

The Game Played in the Usual Way.

The road on which they advanced into the mountains was well made and well kept up. The canon through the foothills was not very deep—for Colorado—and the ascent was gentle. Naturally it wound in every direction, following the devious course of the river, which it frequently crossed from one side to the other on rude log bridges. A brisk gallop of half a mile or so on a convenient stretch of comparatively level going put the two in the lead far ahead of the lumbering wagon and out of sight of those others of the party who had elected to go a horseback. There was perhaps a tacit agreement among the latter not to break in upon this growing friendship, or, more frankly, not to interfere in a developing love affair.

The canon broadened here and there at long intervals and ranch houses were found in every clearing, but these were few and far between, and for the most part Armstrong and Enid Maitland rode practically alone save for the passage of an occasional lumber wagon.

"You can't think," began the man, as they drew rein after a splendid gallop and the somewhat tired horses readily subsided into a walk, "how I dare to go back and leave you."

"And you can't think how loath I am to have you return," the girl flashed out at him with a sidelong glance from her bright blue eyes and a witching smile from her scarlet lips.

"Enid Maitland," said the man, "you know I just worship you. I'd like to sweep you out of your saddle, lift you to the bow of mine and ride away with you. I can't keep my hands off you, I—"

Before she realized what he would do about he swerved his horse toward her, his arm went around her suddenly. Taken completely off her guard she could make no resistance, indeed she scarcely knew what to expect until he crushed her to him and kissed her, almost roughly, full on the lips. "How dare you," cried the girl, her face aflame, freeing herself at last, and swinging her own horse almost to the edge of the road which here ran on an excavation some fifty feet above the river.

"How dare I?" laughed the audacious man, apparently no whit ashamed by her indignation. "When I think of my opportunity I am amazed at my moderation."

"Your opportunity; your moderation?"

"Yes, when I had you helpless I took but one kiss; I might have held you longer and taken a hundred."

"And by what right did you take that one?" haughtily demanded the outraged young woman, looking at him beneath level brows while the color slowly receded from her face. She had never been kissed by a man other than a blood relation in her

then:

"No possibility, but whether it be true or not, I do not feel that way—yet."

There was a saving grace in that last word, which gave him a little heart. He would have spoken, but she suffered no interruption, saying:

"I have been wooed before, but—" "True, unless the human race has become suddenly blind," he said softly under his breath.

"But never in such ungentle ways. I suppose you have never run up against a real red-blooded man like me before."

"If red-blooded be evidenced mainly by lacking of self control, perhaps I have not. Yet there are men that I have met that would not need to apologize for their qualities even to you, Mr. James Armstrong."

"Don't say that. Evidently I make but poor progress in my wooing. Never have I met with a woman quite like you—and is that indeed say some of her charm, and she might have replied in exactly the same language and with exactly the same meaning to him—"I am no longer a boy. I must be fifteen years older than you are, for I am thirty-five."

The difference between their years was not quite so great as he declared, but womanlike the girl let the statement pass unchallenged.

"And I wouldn't insult your intelligence by saying you are the only woman that I have ever made love to,

but there is a vast difference between making love to a woman and loving one. I have just found that out for the first time. I marvel at the past, and I am ashamed of it, but I thank God that I have been saved for this opportunity. I want to win you, and I am going to do it, too. In many things I don't match up with the people with whom you train. I was born out here, and I've made myself. There are things that have happened in the making that I am not especially proud of, and I am not at all satisfied with the results, especially since I have met you. The better I know you the less pleased I am with Jim Armstrong, but there are possibilities in me, I rather believe, and with you for inspiration, God!"—the man, flung out his hand with a fine gesture of determination. "They say that the east and west don't naturally mingle, but it's a lie; you and I can beat the world."

The woman thrilled to his gallant wooing. Any woman would have done so; some of them would have lost their heads, but Enid Maitland was an exceedingly cool young person, for she was not quite swept off her feet, and did not quite lose her balance.

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Couldn't Walk!

"I used to be troubled with a weakness peculiar to women," writes Mrs. Anna Jones, of Kenny, Ill. "For nearly a year, I could not walk, without holding my sides. I tried several different doctors, but I grew worse. Finally, our druggist advised Cardui for my complaint. I was so thin, my weight was 115. Now, I weigh 163, and I am never sick. I ride horseback as good as ever. I am in fine health at 52 years."

TAKE CARDUI Woman's Tonic

We have thousands of such letters, and more are arriving daily. Such earnest testimony from those who have tried it, surely proves the great value of this vegetable, tonic medicine, for women.

Cardui relieves women's sufferings, and builds weak women up to health and strength. If you are a woman, give it a trial. It should help you, for it has helped a million others. It is made from pure, harmless, herb ingredients, which act promptly and surely on the womanly organs. It is a good tonic. Try it! Your druggist sells it.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. J.S.

Estray Notice.

An Old Virginia Law. Virginia has an old law, dating back to the days of Patrick Henry, which prohibits rights-of-way being procured by condemnation proceedings through an orchard for a public road. Why an orchard was particularly designated for favoritism is not quite clear in these advanced days.

For Artistic Job Printing

Anything made with Type on Paper

The Courier, of course

On Nov. 20, 1911, a red cow, about five years old, with white spot in forehead, was taken up as an estray by me. I have complied with all the requirements of the law in regard to estrays.

Owner can have same by proving

property and paying all charges.

This Dec. 28, 1911.

J. LORING NICKELL.

Hazel Green, Ky.

81-4t

Subscribe for the Courier. \$1.00

Fuel Economy Method. Tests made by a French railroad device for heating water before it reaches the boiler by exhaust steam showed a fuel economy of more than twelve per cent.